



BERRY &amp; WALLACE.]

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[ PUBLISHERS &amp; PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 1.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1851.

NO. 44.

**TERMS.**  
**Two Dollars** for one Year if paid at the time of subscription; **Two Dollars and Fifty Cents**, without discount, after the expiration of Three Months.  
**All Bills** for Advertisements, Job-Work or Subscription, considered due when contracted, except against those with whom we have Running Accounts.  
**No Paper** will be sent out of the County, unless paid for in advance.  
**Advertisements** inserted at **One Dollar per Square of Twelve Lines**, or Less, for the First Insertion; **Fifty Cents** for each continuance.  
**Persons** advertising by the Year, will be charged **Thirty Dollars** for a whole Column, **Twenty Dollars** for one half Column, and **Ten Dollars** for one quarter. No deduction from these Terms under any circumstances.  
**The privilege of Yearly Advertisers** is strictly limited to their own immediate and Regular Business, and the Business of an Advertising Firm is not considered as including that of its individual members.  
**Announcing Candidates, Three Dollars**, to be paid in Advance in Every Case.  
**Advertisements** not marked with the number of Insertions when handed in, will be continued until ordered out, and payment exacted.  
**No Advertisement** can be inserted gratuitously.  
**Advertisements** of a Personal Nature invariably charged **Double Price**.  
**Advertisements** in Patent Medicines inserted at **Thirty Dollars per Column**, per Year.  
**Job Work**, of all kinds, neatly done, on New Type, and on as reasonable Terms as any Office in Tennessee.  
**No Paper** will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up—except at the option of the Publishers.

## Choice Poetry.

## My Mother.

My mother's voice how often croops  
 As I ponder over my lonely hours,  
 Like halcyon sent on wings of sleep,  
 Or like the unconscious flowers.  
 I can't forget the melting prayer,  
 Even when my pulses madly fly;  
 And in the still, unbroken air,  
 Her gentle tones come stealing by.  
 And years, and sin, and manhood flee,  
 And leave me at my mother's knee.

## The Unguarded Moment.

BY MISS PHIBBE CAREY.

Yes, my lips to-night have spoken  
 Words I said they should not speak,  
 And I would I could recall them—  
 Would I had not been so weak.  
 Oh, that one unguarded moment!  
 When it came to live again,  
 All the strength of its temptation  
 Would appeal to me in vain.  
 True, my lips have only uttered  
 What is ever in my heart;  
 I am happy when beside him,  
 Wretched only when apart;  
 Though I listen to his prayers,  
 Always longer than I should,  
 Yet my heart can never hear them  
 Half as often as I would!  
 And I would not, could not, pain him,  
 Would not put for the world off,  
 I would have him know I like him  
 As a brother, as a friend,  
 But I cannot keep one secret  
 In my bosom always hid,  
 For I never meant to tell him  
 That I loved him—but I did.

**RAT-CATCHERS.**—The rat-catchers of the city of Paris (France) have just held a meeting at the Hotel de Ville; their deliberations were presided over by the Inspector of Highways, who also exercises jurisdiction over the gutters and sewers. The object of the meeting was to take measures for the coming rat campaign. A million and half of these vermin are supposed at this moment to be undermining Paris. It was decided that molasses should be the poison used in their extermination. Last year 1,143,300 rats were killed and their tails were deposited at the Hotel de Ville, in proof of the fact.

A South American paper, published at Lima, states that some Chinese travellers in Peru recently met some Indians of the village of Eten, in that country, and commenced conversation with them, each speaking their own dialect, and they understood each other perfectly. This would seem to indicate that the country was settled from China.

## Extraordinary Account of an East India Juggler.

The following singular narrative, quoted by the London Guardian, is taken from a note to the new edition of Sharon Turner's "Sacred History of the World." It is a communication from Sir Claude Wade to the editor.

The impression entertained by the author that the total cessation of all bodily action, internal or external, which is usually the accompaniment of death, is not its infallible token, nor inseparably accompanied by it, is countenanced by the very curious performance of the celebrated Hindoo fakier, mentioned by the Honorable Captain Osborne in his work upon the Court and Camp of Runjeet Singh, as having allowed himself to be buried in a chest under the ground at Lahore, and as having been brought up again to life, when disinterred at the end of forty days. Capt. Osborne appears in the first instance not to suspect the real occurrence of the fact, extraordinary as it was; but he states that on the proposition being made to the fakier, that he should be buried again in a similar manner for one week, with the conditions that the chest he was enclosed in should have two padlocks, the key of one of which should be in Captain Osborne's keeping, and that the place of his interment should be watched by sentries from the guard by which the English embassy was attended, he objected to the proposed arrangement, and declined to make the trial on such terms. Captain Osborne adds, however, that shortly afterwards the fakier sent to signify his consent to what had been proposed to him; but that his consent being accompanied by the declaration that he was sure the object of the English officers was to destroy him, the latter did not think themselves justified in being parties to an experiment which they thought certain to prove fatal.

The following statement of the circumstances attendant on the previous interment of the fakier spoken of by Captain Osborne, has been kindly communicated to me by Sir Claude M. Wade, then political resident at Loodiana, and chief agent of the English Government at Runjeet Singh's Court, with permission to insert it here. The well known ability and character of Sir C. Wade not only guaranty the certainty of the incidents which his account relates, but gives great force and weight to the conclusion which he appears to have come to, viz: that however hard to explain the causes or means of the fakier's extraordinary performance, there is no reason to doubt its reality.

I was present at the Court of Runjeet Singh at Lahore, in 1837, when the fakier mentioned by the Honorable Captain Osborne was buried alive for six weeks, and although I arrived a few hours after his actual interment and did not consequently witness this part of the phenomenon, I had the testimony of Runjeet Singh himself and others, the most credible witnesses of his Court, to the truth of the fakier having been so buried before them, and from having been present myself when he was disinterred, and restored to a state of perfect vitality, in a position so close to him as to render any deception impossible, it is my firm belief that there was no collusion in producing the extraordinary fact which I have related. Captain Osborne's book is not at present before me, but I might refer to such part of his account as devolves the authenticity of the fact on my authority. I will, however, briefly state what I saw, to enable others to judge of the weight due to my evidence, and whether, from the tenor of it, any proofs of collusion can, in their opinion, be detected.

On the approach of the appointed time, according to invitation, I accompanied Runjeet Singh to the spot where the fakier had been buried. It was a square building, called in the language of the country, a Barra Durree, in the midst of one of the gardens adjoining the palace at Lahore, with an open verandah all around,

having an enclosed room in the centre. On arriving there, Runjeet Singh, who was attended on the occasion by the whole of his court, dismounting from his elephant, asked me to join him in examining the building to satisfy himself that it was closed as he had left it. We did so. There had been an open door on each of the four sides of the room, three of which were perfectly closed with brick and mortar. The fourth had a strong door also closed with mud up to the padlock, which was sealed with the private seal of Runjeet Singh, in his own presence, when the fakier was interred. In fact, the exterior of the building presented no aperture whatever by which air could be admitted, nor any communication held by which food could possibly be conveyed to the fakier; and I may also add that the walls closing the doorway bore no mark of having been recently disturbed or renewed. Runjeet Singh recognized the impression of the seal as the one he had affixed; and as he was as sceptical as any European could be of the successful result of such an enterprise, to guard as far as possible against any collusion, he had placed two companies from his own personal escort near the building, from which four sentries were furnished and relieved every two hours night and day, to guard the building from intrusion. At the same time he ordered one of the principal officers of his court to visit the place occasionally, and to report the result of his inspection to him, while he himself, or his minister, kept the seal which closed the hole of the padlock, and the latter received the reports of the officers on guard morning and evening.

After our examination, and when we had seated ourselves in the verandah opposite to the door, some of Runjeet's people dug away the mud wall, and one of his officers broke the seal and opened the padlock. On the door being thrown open, nothing but a dark room was to be seen. Runjeet Singh and I then entered it, in company with the servant of the fakier. A light was brought, and we descended about three feet below the floor of the room, into a sort of cell, into which a wooden box, about four feet long by three broad, with a square, sloping roof, containing the fakier, was placed upright, the door of which had also a padlock and seal similar to that on the outside. On opening it we saw a figure enclosed in a bag of white linen, drawn together and fastened by a string over the head, on the exposure of which a grand salute was fired and the surrounding multitude came crowding to the door to see the spectacle. After they had gratified their curiosity, the fakier's servant putting his arms into the box, took the figure of his master out, and closing the door, placed it with his back against the door, exactly as he had been squatted, like a Hindoo idol, in the box itself. Runjeet Singh and I then descended into the cell, which was so small that we were only able to sit on the ground in front, and so close to the body as to touch it with our hands and knees. The servant then began pouring warm water over the figure, but as my object was to watch if any fraudulent practice could be detected I proposed to Runjeet Singh to tear open the bag, and have a perfect view of the body before any resuscitation was attempted. I accordingly did so; and may here remark that the bag, when first seen by us, looked milky, as if it had been buried for some time. The legs and arms of the body were shrivelled and stiff, the face as in life, and the head reclining on the shoulder like that of a corpse.

I then called to the medical gentleman who was attending me, to come down and inspect the body, which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, temples, or arms. There was, however, a heat about the region of the brain, but no other part of the body exhibited. The servant then commenced bathing him with hot water, and gradually relaxing his arms and legs from the rigid state in which they were con-

tracted. Runjeet Singh taking his right and left leg to aid by friction in restoring them to their proper action, during which time the servant placed a hot wheaten cake about an inch thick, on the top of the head—a process which he twice or thrice repeated. He then took out of his nostrils and ears the wax and cotton plugs with which they were stopped, and after great exertion opened his mouth by inserting the point of a knife between his teeth, and while holding his jaws open with his left hand, drew the tongue forward with the forefinger of the right, in the course of which the tongue flew back several times to its curved position upwards, that in which it had originally been placed so as to close the gullet. He then rubbed his eyelids with ghee (clarified butter) for some time until he succeeded in opening them, when the eye appeared quite motionless and glazed. After the cake had been applied for the third time to the top of the head, the body was convulsively heaved, the nostrils became violently inflated, respiration ensued, and the limbs began to assume a natural fullness; but the pulsation was still only very faintly perceptible. The servant then put some ghee on his tongue, and made him swallow it. A few minutes afterwards, the eyeballs becoming slowly dilated, recovered their natural color, and the fakier recognizing Runjeet Singh sitting close by him, articulated in a low sepulchral tone scarcely audible, "Do you believe me now?"

Runjeet Singh replied in the affirmative, and then began investing the fakier with a pearl necklace, a superb pair of gold bracelets, shawls, and pieces of silk and muslin, forming what is called a khilet, such as is usually conferred by the princes of India on persons of distinction. From the time of the box being opened to the recovery of the voice, not more than half an hour could have elapsed; and in another half an hour the fakier talked with himself and those about him, freely, though feebly, like a sick person, and we then left him, convinced that there had been no fraud or collusion in the exhibition we had witnessed.

I was present also when the fakier was summoned by Runjeet Singh to Lahore, from a considerable distance, some months afterwards, to again bury himself alive before Capt. Osborne, and the officers of the late Sir William Macnaughten's mission in 1838, which after the preparation, he offered to do for a few days; but the term of Sir William Macnaughten's mission having nearly elapsed, some doubts were expressed and observations made by Captain Osborne as to keeping the key of the room in which he was to be buried in his possession, which the fakier, with the superstitious dread of an Indian, considered ominous of his fate. He became alarmed that if once he was within Capt. Osborne's power, he would not escape alive. His refusal on that occasion will naturally induce a suspicion of the truth of the transactions as witnessed by myself; but to those who are well acquainted with the character of the natives of India, it will not be surprising that, where life and death were concerned, the fakier should have manifested a distrust of what to him appeared the mysterious intentions of an European, who was a perfect stranger to him, when he was ready to repose implicit confidence in Runjeet Singh, myself and others, before whom he had exhibited. I am satisfied that he refused only from the cause I have mentioned, and that he would have done for me what he had declined doing for Captain Osborne.

It had previously been observed also by Sir W. Macnaughten and others of the party, and very truly so, jestingly, that if the fakier should not have survived the trial to which he was required to submit, those who might instigate him to it would run the risk of being indicted for murder, which induced them to refrain from pressing the subject further. I share entirely in the apparent incredulity of the fact of a man being buried alive, and surviving the trial, after

various periods of duration; but however incompatible with our knowledge of physiology, in the absence of any actual proof of the contrary, I am bound to declare my belief in the facts which I have represented, however impossible their existence may appear to others. I took some pains to inquire into the mode by which such a result was effected, and was informed that it rested on a doctrine of the Hindoo physiologists, that heat constitutes the self-existent principle of life, and that if the other functions are so far destroyed as to leave the one in perfect purity, life could be sustained for considerable lengths of time, independent of air, food, or any other means of sustenance. To produce such a state the patients are obliged to go through a severe preparation. How far such means are calculated to produce such effects, physiologists will be better able to judge than I pretend to do. I merely state what I saw and heard, and think, when we consider the incredulity and ridicule with which some of the most wonderful discoveries of modern time have been regarded—viz: Galvanism, Harvey's system of the circulation of the blood, Mesmerism, &c.—that it is presumptuous in any of us to deny to the Hindoos the possible discovery or attainment of an art which has hitherto escaped the researches of European science.

## THE LAST TRIUMPH OF PRIDE.

"Proteus," of the Newark Daily Advertiser, in a letter from New York, says:  
 The wife of a man of means and the daughter of a wealthy citizen of this city—people, too, fond of show—recently died. She had been called beautiful before a family of children had gathered round her, and she had not renounced her claim to that title. She died, and a large concourse was invited to the funeral. The coffin was made of rosewood, inlaid with silver, lined with plaited satin. The whole top was removed, and the deceased lay in state in her narrow home. She was dressed in a white merino robe, made like a morning gown, faced with white satin profusely quilted and ornamented. The sleeves were open, similarly lined and wrought—a stomacher of the richest embroidery covered the breast, whence all life had forever fled. The head was covered by a cap of choice lace, a wreath of fresh flowers arranged around. The hands were crossed up on the breast with the fingers covered with expensive jewels, which seemed to sparkle as if in glad pride that the bright eye was dim forever. Thus bazoned, poor food for worms, she went down into the grave, there to await her God.

**VOTE FOR GOVERNOR IN OHIO.**—We have official returns from seventy-nine counties, (says the Cincinnati Enquirer) which give Wood a majority over Vinton of 23,116. The counties to be heard from are Drake, Fulton, Henry, Holmes, Lawrence, Morrow, Paulding, Sandusky and Wood. These with one or two exceptions are decidedly Democratic, and will increase Wood's majority to the neighborhood of twenty-six thousand.

Lewis' vote will be upwards of sixteen thousand—being an increase of the Abolition vote over that of last year, notwithstanding the defection of Senator Chase, of nearly three thousand.

Wood's majority over the combined votes of Vinton (W.) and Lewis (Abolitionist), will be about ten thousand.

The result of the Legislative election, according to the best information received, says the Ohio Statesman, is as follows:

Senate—Democrats, 25; Whigs, 9; Abolitionists, 1.  
 House—Democrats, 68; Whigs, 26; Abolitionists, 2.

The New Orleans Bee learns by a private letter from Havana, that Castaneda, who surrendered Lopez to the authorities of Cuba, has been assassinated near Matanzas.

## Census of the Voting Population of Tennessee.

Taken at the late Enumeration—January 1, 1851.

COUNTIES.	POPULATION.
Anderson,	1,200
Bledsoe,	1,017
Blount,	2,252
Bradley,	2,078
Bedford,	3,201
Benton,	1,110
Campbell,	937
Carter,	1,160
Claiborne,	1,602
Cocke,	1,394
Cannon,	1,496
Coffee,	1,305
Carroll,	2,369
Davidson,	5,772
Dickson,	1,320
Decatur,	1,080
DeKalb,	1,378
Dyer,	1,036
Fentress,	800
Franklin,	1,728
Fayette,	2,293
Grainger,	1,950
Greene,	3,110
Giles,	3,089
Gibson,	2,993
Grundy,	480
Hamilton,	2,231
Hancock,	978
Hawkins,	2,251
Hickman,	1,478
Humphreys,	1,085
Haywood,	1,800
Henderson,	2,058
Hardin,	1,720
Hardeman,	2,167
Henry,	2,030
Jefferson,	2,268
Johnson,	681
Jackson,	2,495
Knox,	3,054
Lincoln,	3,314
Lawrence,	1,379
Lewis,	665
Lauderdale,	774
Marion,	1,328
McMinn,	2,103
Meigs,	892
Monroe,	2,029
Morgan,	507
Macon,	1,202
Marshall,	2,454
Maury,	3,383
Montgomery,	2,680
Madison,	2,644
McNairy,	2,182
Overton,	1,831
Obion,	1,416
Polk,	1,070
Perry,	1,075
Rhea,	708
Roane,	1,994
Rutherford,	3,106
Robertson,	2,323
Scott,	505
Sevier,	1,202
Sullivan,	1,977
Smith,	2,752
Sumner,	2,865
Stewart,	1,450
Shelby,	4,832
Tipton,	1,023
Van Buren,	383
Washington,	2,297
White,	2,023
Wilson,	4,053
Williamson,	2,766
Wayne,	1,371
Warren,	1,010
Weakley,	2,198
Total,	142,270

**THANKSGIVING DAY.**—Gov. Lowe, of Maryland, has issued his proclamation setting apart Thursday, the 27th of November, to be observed as a day of thanksgiving and praise by the citizens of that State. The same day has been designated for the like commendable purpose by the Governors of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, Ohio and North Carolina, and will probably be generally chosen throughout the United States.

A potatoe gathering machine is in operation in New Hampshire. It is attached to a wagon. The wagon is placed at one end of the potatoe field, with oxen or horses attached, and as it passes down the rows, digs the potatoes, separates them from the dirt, and loads them into the wagon.

## An Independent Voter.

The Pennsylvania reports the speech of a free elector of the "Keystone State," made on the day of the recent election, while leaning against a wall in Independence Square. The patriotic orator had been libating pretty freely in a neighboring grocery, and was in a situation such as to render it extremely doubtful whether he could have walked a wire or performed any other gymnastic exercise that required steadiness of nerve. We copy his patriotic speech:

"Fellow citizens, my name is Mr. Samuel Norton—an American freeman, born and educated on this side. I come here to exercise the right of suffrage, and I'll do a citizen's duty by voting what ticket I do—please. I want to steam up a little more, and get into a kind of holy rapture before I approach the altar of liberty—that's the ballot-box. Who's going to treat? Whigs, Democrats, or Natives? Don't all speak at once, if you please. I'm no-party man myself, and don't care a cuss which whips, and I'll give my support to any cause that is willing to do the genteel thing. If a republican citizen's vote isn't worth three shillings, (York currency,) it's not worth anything—three shillings and a glass of grog. That's the idea. If I vote the entire Whig ticket, I'll charge half a dime more for that's a hell of a strain on a feller's conscience. Don't nobody insult my patriotic feelings by offering me a quarter. I'm proposing to do the job for half price now; seventy-five cents would not be unreasonable. Seventy-five—not. Where's the spirit of '76. Any man that would vote a ticket for less than three shillings, ain't fit to be trusted with a vote at all. I'll swear he ain't. Our glorious ancestors that bled at Yorktown, Thermopylae and Waterloo, wouldn't have voted for a cent less than three shillings; and Mr. Samuel Norton is not a going to put down the price for nobody. Here's an independent citizen's vote going for three shillings, and a treat of course; that's understood. Where's all the d—n electioneers? Going at three shillings! going—going—gone." With the last well-timed exclamation, the legs of Mr. Norton gave way, and there he lay on the pavement, within a few yards of the polls, an unavailable voter.

**FUGITIVES FROM JUSTICE.**—A Judge Hoadley of the Superior Court of Ohio, has decided in the case of Childs, who was charged with obtaining goods on false pretences, that the requisition of the Governor of Maryland is illegal, and that the law of the United States, and all decisions of our higher Courts, relative to fugitives, are unconstitutional. The case is to come before Judge McLean. The New York Commercial Advertiser remarks: We never heard of Judge Hoadley before, but if he has made such a decision as is here reported, he is certainly a remarkable jurist.

**COL. FREMONT.**—The St. Louis Union, says Col. Fremont has completed and confirmed the sale of his Mariposa tract of gold land in California, for one million of dollars; one hundred thousand of which (that being the first instalment) is to be paid to Col. Fremont in the city of New York on or about the 15th of this month. Col. Fremont may now be considered among the wealthiest millionaires of the United States. He has, besides the Mariposa tract just sold, a vast amount of property in San Francisco.

The total amount of property invested in the whaling business in the United States, is said to be between twenty and thirty millions of dollars. The first seven months of this year there has been landed about \$2,500,000 worth of sperm oil, and \$4,500,000 worth of whale oil, and \$1,200,000 worth of bone making a total of \$8,500,000 for the first seven months, giving for the year nearly \$15,000,000.